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PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

FLASHBACK

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A TRUE STORY of the Civil War

At the earnest and oft repeated requests of my dear wife and children, and the importunities of my college chum, conrade in arms and lifelong friend, J. Montgomery Wilson of Springfield, Mo., I take up the serious duty of writing a history of a series of events in my life which occurred in the last fall of the civil war. Part of this history is so unreasonable that I never mention it in the presence of strangers, yet it is still, after the lapse of more than forty years, susceptible of proof by eye witnesses; and from report by many of my contemporaries.

The scene of these adventures is laid in the Prairie Grove Valley of Washington County, Arkansas, and all of them took place on or near the famous old battle ground which was the scene of many heroid struggles other than that by which it is known to history.

After so many years, occupied with the serious affairs of life, it is hard to recall all the details and recount them in the proper order, but I will do the best I can, and will give as nearly as possible a plain, unvarnished account.

In order that I may relate the first of this series of events intelligently, it is necessary to state somewhat in detail, the circumstances which led up to it. At this time all Northwestern Arkansas and Southwestern Missouri were involved in a desperate guerilla warfare. Fayetteville, Ark., was in the hands of the Federals, but the country was in the hands of the Confederates. The Federals would sally out in strong parties and commit depredations, but were almost sure to be attacked by the Confederates. A scouting party of Confederates had gone to Southwest Missouri near Newtonia after Price's raid was on its way. It met defeat and one of my friends, Lee McLaughlin, was killed. His effects, an army carbine, a horse, and $300.00 in Confederate money, were saved by his comrades, who left them with John Goodman, who lived two miles east of the present town of Prairie Grove. His cousins, the Misses McLaughlin, young ladies who lived on Blair's Creek, near Cane Hill, requested that I take charge of the property and convey it to his father in Hempstead county, Arkansas. As I expected to go south in a short time, I accepted the trust, little thinking how near it would come to causing the loss of my life, almost before the trust was begun.

As I have said, Mr. Goodman lived two miles east of Prairie Grove. I lived with my mother, two and a half miles Northwest of that place. Well, at this date, the day following the passage through our neighborhood of Price's defeated raiders, Mr. Goodman sent the horse and other property to my mother's by a little boy, and I went to Goodman's for them by another route. When I got home I found the boy had left the horse but kept the money. I was anxious about the money and started back to Goodman's for it. When I got there I found that the boy had forgotten to leave it, and I secured it. At home I had changed my saddle to McLaughlin's horse, and to this circumstance I owe my life, for he was the fleetest horse I ever rode, and my mare was slow.

As I returned home, when I got to the edge of a thicket on the prairie near the ford of the Illinois Creek, on the Fayetteville and Cane Hill road, I stopped to lance a boil that had been troubling me greatly. After a time I heard a horse snort, and looking up (I) saw about fifteen Federal cavalrymen within a hundred yards, charging me. My belt was in one direction, my gun in another, and my horse in another. I gave myself up for lost at first, then thought I would try to get away. No prisoners were taken in those days. I first thought I would take to the thicket afoot, but it was half a mile to the timber and the thicket had no connection with it. That would have been to be hunted down with no chance but to sell out. I jumped to my feet, grabbed my belt and gun, and made a rush for the horse. As I did so one fellow shouted, "Now, G-d d--m you, we've got you," and for a minute I believed him, for

my horse stood under a plum tree with a limb just above the saddle horn. There was no time to lead him out, so I put a foot in the stirrup, threw the other over the cantel of the saddle and began to spur. They began to shoot as soon as I got up from where I was sitting, and by this time were in forty yards, yelling and shooting like demons. The horse was very lazy, but after I got him convinced that I wanted him to run and was in earnest about it, you should have seen him slide away from those fellows. For half a mile he showed them a clean pair of heels, and then the edge of the friendly timber intervened, beyond which no Federal trooper dared ride after a fleeing Confederate. I lost a lock of hair and a hat, and that was the extent of the casualties on this occasion. I was too busy to shoot, and was saving myself for a "sell-out" in case they killed my horse.

I reached safety in the timber and went home to take care of the mare I had left in the yard, but the family had heard the firing at me, and had promptly "hid her out". I need not have gone into danger again, but some Missourians, who had been on a long, hard trip, had left some good horses in the pasture of Moses Rollans to recuperate. After my escape I rode along the edge of the prairie and saw it blue with Blount's army following Price, and I knew they would get the horses. To prevent the loss of the horses, I went to Mr. Rollans'. When I got there I found Mr. Rollans and Mr. Branch, a neighbor who lived a half mile east, talking in the yard. They were both old men and non-combatants, but they always kept out of sight of the Federal army if they could conveniently. Mr. Branch had heard the firing at me and left home. I told them what had happened and Mr. Branch said, "Oh, they will get my colt," a very fine one, by the way. Two young people, Miss Genie Martin and her brother, Valdy, were standing by and said they would go after the colt. After they were gone Mr. Branch took a key from his pocket and said they could not get the colt for he was locked to a log smokehouse with a chain and padlock. I took the key and galloped on to overtake them. When I did overtake them I was in sight of the house and the Federals were there. I turned and rode back to Rollans', and he and Branch were gone. While I was telling the family that I had seen them the Federals came in sight, following me. I did not shoot because they always burned the houses from which shooting was done.

Before I proceed with the story it is necessary to give a description of the location.

Mr. Branch, as I have said, lived a half mile east of Mr. Rollans. Just west of the Rollans house runs a creek and the ground between the house and creek was fenced, leaving a passway down the creek to the north. About four hundred yards north of the Rollans house was the home of Capt. Sam Marrs, a

well-known character in those days, of whom we shall have more to say before this narrative closes. From Rollans' the passway of which I have spoken ran into the bed of the creek at Capt. Marrs' spring and then upon the bank again. At the Marrs house the creek bank is a bluff of limestone ten or twelve feet high and perpendicular. A little below the house is a ford. One road crosses the creek to the west and the other leads north on the east side and a little away from it. From the Branch house, or the Colonel Patton place, as it is now known, a road ran to the Marrs place, and a bridle path went to the Rollans' place. Thus it will be seen that the Rollans and Marrs places were about the same distance from the Branch place, and the Marrs place the more easily accessible.

When I left Rollans' upon the appearance of the Federals, I did so with the intention of going towards home, that is by Capt. Marrs', it not occurring to me that they could get there as quickly as to Rollans', and that they were more likely to follow the main road, and would hem me there on the bluff.

When I got to the creek, near Rollans' spring, I came upon the two men. I told them to run, that the Federals were after me. I shall never forget the comical way in which they took to the creek. The bank was about three feet high, and the water up to their middle. They both jumped together and made a terrible splash. They got away.

When I went up the bank from the Marrs spring I saw a Federal between me and the house. If I went back I would meet three, and would lead the chase so that Rollans and Branch could not escape. I only saw one, and fortunately I had on a blue blanket overcoat that had belonged to my father. I had worn it because it was cold and not for a disguise, and that was another of the providences of that day. Remembering the coat, I determined to try the effect of a surprise and a rush. As I approached the man I only saw the one and decided to disarm him. I could not afford to call help to him by a shot. I ordered him to surrender, and he took it as a joke thinking me one of their men. When he did surrender, I had the gun against his breast, and had felt the trigger creep under my finger, so near I had come to killing him. I shall not soon forget the look on his face when he saw my gray pants, and he was then keen to surrender. I took his pistol, and as I did that another Federal rode out from behind the house and looked at us, and then rode back out of sight. I had ordered the prisoner to give me his gun. In the meantime, I tried to put the pistol belt around me, but it was too small. Just at this time, the prisoner got his gun loose from his saddle, the other Federal came in sight with his gun on me, and my horse, excited from the race and feeling the rein loose, turned my back to the prisoner. I heard the click of the gunlock as he saw his advantage, (I) leaned forward and

spurred the horse, the gun not more than six inches from the back of my head, and it fired clear, not even powder burning me. At the same time Mrs. Martha Marrs, who had witnessed the whole thing from a window, screamed, "Run, Dudley, run; there's more coming, they'll kill you, they'll kill you!" Hearing her voice was the first I knew of her presence, and we were in twenty feet of her. Now there was nothing to do but run for it. There were three behind, the prisoner had fired his last shot, as I had his cartridge box, the one in front had his gun on me, the ground was a succession of slippery limestone and mud ankle deep, over which to run a horse was dangerous in the extreme, and fifteen were coming around to head me off. I ran straight toward the fellow who had his gun on me, and thought he would never shoot. When he did the blaze of his gun came halfway to me, but he missed. After I had passed, he took his pistol and began to shoot, calling on me to halt. When he thought he could kill me he did not want me to halt, but when he saw I was about to get away he became anxious about it. It struck me as funny and I turned in the saddle and laughed at him. While I was laughing I was turning my horse out of the road to go down the creek bottom, and it came near being my undoing, as he did not turn soon enough and ran into a grapevine that stopped him, but I got out, and got away without a scratch, and with only the loss of another hat. I was a pistol, a cartridge box, belt and ammunition ahead. I wanted the fellow's gun and overcoat, but had to forego them.

I went several miles down Illinois Creek, and slept in the woods by myself. On the way, I met two neighbor boys, Reynold and Tom Borden. When I told my story, Tom Borden promptly took off his hat and gave it to me.

This I count as one of my busy days. The next, however, was equally as busy, and vastly more unpleasant.

Next morning at early dawn I rose from my couch in the woods, got breakfast and feed for my horse at a neighboring farm house and then picked my way carefully back to my mother's house.

When I reached there, I had a most astonishing greeting. My mother, my three sisters, and my youngest brother and our nearest neighbor, Mrs. Julia Crawford, met me at the fence and would not let me dismount. All were crying. For some time I could get no explanation at all. Finally, they became sufficiently composed to tell what had happened.

It should be explained that on the day before, while these exciting things were happening to me, some of the neighbor ladies had met at my mother's to assist in getting my clothes ready for the trip south that I was to take in a few days.

They were, as near as I can remember: Mrs. Linda Crawford, Mrs. Julia Crawford, Mrs. W. F. Medearis, Miss Lucinda Medearis. Early on this morning six Federals came to the Crawford's house, which was a quarter of a mile south of ours, and robbed and burned it. They were extremely rough and one of them struck Mrs. Linda Crawford. They would not allow them to carry things out of the house.

Then they came to our house and behaved frightfully. They kicked over a skillet of bread, turned over a can of molasses, spilling it on the floor, and threw the bread in the molasses. They ransacked the house, taking all the jewelry we had, took all my dead father's clothes, struck my mother. But, crowning infamy of all, they stripped my oldest sister to a single garment in search of valuables. They knew of the party at our house the day before, and the object, and wanted my clothes. They got some, but not all. They did not burn our house.

They went to Mr. Medearis' and robbed and abused them, and demanded the horse that Mrs. Medearis had ridden to our house the day before, but they did not get him.

This is substantially the story as they told it to me. To say I was wild with fury would be a moderate expression. I then and there vowed to kill somebody that day or die in the attempt. I started on the trail of those demons in a short time after they had left. I went by and saw the smoking ruins of the Crawford house, next I went to Captain Sam Marrs', the scene of my adventure of the evening before, expecting to slip up the creek bottom and ambush the column of Blount's army as it passed and get what I could of them. I had not gone far until I found that the Federals were all around me and I woke to my danger. I wanted to kill, not to be killed. At the Marrs' residence I saw Miss Abbie Marrs, and she hardly knew me. She looked at me in affright. I went to Mrs. Kidd's and my appearance was so changed that she recognized me by my voice. She told me they had robbed her and had taken everything of value she had. She asked me what I was doing. I told her that I would kill some of them before night. She took my horse by the bridle and said she would not let go till I promised to go and hide. I plead with her to let go, but she would not. I had to convince her that I could and would run the horse over her before she would release him. I will say here that I was able to trace the scoundrels by a side saddle they took from our house. It was a peculiar one and everybody knew it. There were six of them at our house.

Near the Kidd residence are two small round mountains in the prairie covered with timber. A narrow gap runs between the two. I took the road between these hills, and just before I reached the prairie, I saw three of the fellows coming toward

me. I got behind some trees and waited, but they took a little road leading north. I followed through the timber on the side of the mountain. They stopped at the house of David Mayberry. I commenced to slip close enough to get a shot, but before I secured a position, they came out on the porch with Mrs. Mayberry, a very old lady, and robbed her pocket in my sight. Then they got on their horses and rode off. While I was stalking them, Captain Marrs came from toward the house, he having seen them first and escaped without being seen. He told where there were two other of the boys, and we would get together and make a fight. The Federals robbed the houses of WM. Wilson and Mrs. Tilly. Marrs and I went to his camp and got the two others, William Marrs and John Malony, who were his nephews, and lived near Bonham, Texas.

We got ahead and made an ambuscade near the road they were bound to pass. Shortly after our arrangements were completed, they came in sight. There were only three of the six together. William Marrs and I fired at the first one, Capt. Marrs at the second and Malony was to take the third. William Marrs used a Remington revolver. I had a Star Carbine and a revolver. Captain Marrs had a musket with buck and ball cartridge, and Malony a double barreled shot gun. The foremost man was killed, although he rode half a mile. Capt. Marrs put a buck and ball cartridge in his man, although he got away. The third man was unharmed, as far as we could see.

Their saddles were packed, before and behind, with stolen plunder as long as they could pile it on. One of them dropped a bag that I picked up, and I gave it to Mrs. Kidd, as part of the stuff that was taken from her. We followed them to where they entered the column at the top of Cane Hill. Mrs. William Watson, Mrs. Margaret Braden, and other ladies, whose names I do not know, buried the dead one near where he fell. He now rests in the national cemetery at Fayetteville, among the nation's honored dead.

I do not know for sure that I kept my vow, but I do know that one of the marauders who was at our house is dead as a result of my fury.

Either one or two weeks after the events narrated above, Blount's army, having followed Price to the Arkansas River, returned through our section. Their stragglers had been pretty roughly handled by the Cane Hill boys on the downward trip, and on the return the Federals made reprisals by robbing and burning worse than ever before. I stood in my mother's yard one morning, and counted the smoke of eleven houses burning on the hill at once. From this smoke we knew they were coming, and valuables, such as had escaped previous raids, were speedily hidden.

Lieutenant Robt. A. Medearis and I rode out to see if we could locate the column, and perhaps pick off a straggler. At the Rollans place two Federals came in sight. They did not come to the house as they seemed to intend, but took the bridle path toward the Branch place. We followed, and overtook them about a quarter of a mile beyond the Branch place east. They took to the trees and turned loose on us. We returned the fire in a spirited way. Just as I realized that my revolver was about empty, I noticed them in a sudden movement and thought they were about to charge me. I then remembered that I had not heard Lieut. Medearis' revolver for some time, nor seen him, and concluded that they had killed him. If so, it was time for me to go. As I turned to go, I heard his revolver away up to the right. He, seeing that they were safe behind trees, had executed a flank movement and that is what routed them. They ran and we ran. I waited for Medearis and asked him if he was hurt, and he said "No, are you?" I said no. We then went back, but the Feds were gone.

Knowing that a heavy force would be sure to look us up, we started to get in a safer place. At the Branch place a lane ran north, and we started to take that, but Mrs. Branch ran out and said, "Boys, don't go that way, the lane is full of them." We turned and went out by Captain Marrs' place. That evening, they burned Capt. Marrs' house to avenge my having been obliged to run through their line at that place.

This ends the story of the most exciting series of episodes in my usually uneventful life. It is just the story of a heedless boy blundering into places of great danger, and the intervention of what seems to him, in his later years, to have been a kind Providence protecting him from apparent certain death.

The chief fault with this story is that it is written in the first person, but the love of those for whom it is written will excuse all of its faults.

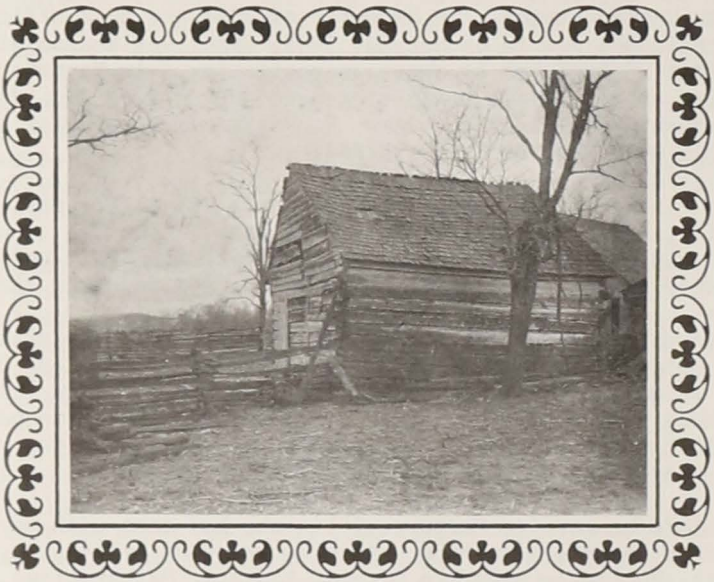
March 1, 1908

W. G. D. Hinds
McAlester, Oklahoma

(Editor's note: The above story was made available to us by Mrs. E. G. Dick, who wrote the story of the first post office in Prairie Grove Valley, beginning on page 9. Presently, Mrs. Dick is engaged in writing a history of the Pittman family and its genealogy, and we are indebted to her for much interesting material which will be printed in later issues.)

THE FIRST POST OFFICE IN PRAIRIE GROVE VALLEY

BY RUTH J. DICK



(Editor's Note: Deane G. Carter's "Postmasters and Post Offices, Washington County, Arkansas, 1829-1976" has revived interest in early county post offices. Mr. Carter's book can be bought through the Society at $3.00 postpaid.)

Samuel Pittman was a son of Dempsey and Annie Chestnut Pittman. He was born in 1779 in Montgomery County, North Carolina near Fayetteville. His parents had earlier come from Virginia to North Carolina. He married Sarah Watson, also born in 1779 and also of Montgomery County, N. C. She died in 1812, and he and his children went into Alabama Territory in 1816 where they remained until 1827. The children about whom I have information were James Chestnut, Nancy, and Wincy.

In the spring of 1827, Samuel and family, with several other families, came up the Arkansas River to where Evansville, Arkansas now stands. They remained there that spring and summer and in the fall of the same year he settled on a farm near Cane Hill, known as the Campbell place. In 1832 he bought the land on which the W. E. Pittman home stands. A log house was constructed for a home across the road from where the W. E. Pittman home (now Jack Wynne house, I believe) now stands, one mile east of the present Prairie Grove.

A log structure was built by James Chestnut Pittman, a short way north of his home. It was used as a store and a post office--the first post office in Prairie Grove Valley--established in September 1840, while Martin Van Buren was president of the United States. In November of 1844 the post office was discontinued, but in January of 1845, James was reappointed by President John Tyler to serve as postmaster. In November 1845 William Shores became postmaster, and the office was discontinued in April of 1846. James C. Pittman was in poor health at this time, and he died in 1847.

The Pittman log house was burned in the Civil War days (1862 I think, but I am not certain of the date). The log structure which was used as a store and post office was left untouched for some reason. During the War it was used to house sheep.

When William Edward Pittman was released from the prison at Fort Delaware in 1865 he returned to Prairie Grove. He had no home to go to, so he and his sister, Dallas Pittman, cleaned and made into a home the old log building their grandparents had erected years before. He gave up his aims and desires to be a doctor and took up farming and stock raising.

In 1870 he married Margaret Ellis who had come with her family from Tennessee in 1868. After a year at Billingsley, Arkansas the family moved to Ottawa, Kansas. Margaret and W. E. Pittman were married October 5, 1870 in Ottawa, Kansas and then returned to Arkansas to make the log house their home. They lived there until 1883, when a frame house was built just west of the log house. As the lumber was hauled from Fort Smith by wagon, construction of the house was slow. The log house was then used for storage purposes; I remember it was used for hay. We used to play around this old building, never realizing its historical significance. It was dismantled in 1918.

In my mother's diary she described the new home as she remembered it: "I was born on May 19, 1875 in a log house which had been built by my grandfather in 1840 and used as a store and a post office on his farm, one mile east of the present Prairie Grove, Arkansas.

"The post office was in the store and was called Sweet Home, the first post office in the Prairie Grove Valley. The building was a fairly large one. We had a kitchen and one bedroom, partitioned off the living room. The kitchen was plenty large for a dining room, too. There was a window by the side of the large fireplace and one window in the kitchen. We had one large door. We used kerosene lamps, but I have known my mother to use a grease lamp. A cup of grease set in a pan or saucer, a wick put in the cup and over the side of the cup made good candlelight.

"The house room above was used for storage and a ladder led to that. We had a bed in the living room, with a trundle bed under it. To me, as a child, it seemed we had plenty of room. I shall always remember the big fireplace with its dog iron andirons. And the huge back log. There was an art in making a fire in the fireplace. First the back log and the kindling arranged in front of it. Another log was placed in front of the kindling. Then other wood was added on the dog irons. I can see the flame yet and feel the warmth in front. But in cold weather, one's back got chilly unless he kept turning. I can not remember that we had very severe weather. Perhaps we were very hardy.

"There was a spring and a springhouse to the southeast of the house, about a block away. Mother kept butter and milk in the springhouse. We carried from the spring all the water we used. It was wonderfully cool gushing out of the ground. That part was enclosed with large rocks as the water was very deep there. We children were warned to stay away from it.

"Mother and father moved into this house in October of 1870. Five children were born there. We moved into a large new frame house in 1883. First, the well was dug. The house was in the process of building for a long time as the lumber was hauled on a lumber wagon from Ft. Smith, Arkansas. What a large house it seemed to be! Two large rooms with a hall between a stairway from the hall. A big kitchen and dining room and two unfinished rooms above, which could be used as bedrooms, completed the house."

"FLASHBACK" HONORED

For the second consecutive year "FLASHBACK" has received the Award of Merit from the Arkansas State Historical Association, naming it the best historical publication in the state.

Much of the credit for these two awards must go to Mr. Keith Newhouse who has acted as "art director" of this quarterly for the past two years. The Society is indebted to him, also, for his design of the 1976 and 1977 membership cards, and the newly awarded Life Membership Certificates.

SAVOY REMEMBERED

BY LESLIE PARR SUTTON

As you cross the bridge over Clear Creek and drive down the dirt road that winds into the small community of Savoy, a feeling of timelessness creeps over you. In your mind's eye, the pickup truck parked in front of the white fram ehouse can easily become a horse and wagon.

In fact, it hasn't been too many years since a blacksmith shop catered to the horse and buggy trade in Savoy. Cars were not a common sight in the community until the forties, and the blacksmith shop on the main road was busy shoeing horses until the mid-thirties.

Many symbols of "modernity" were slow to appear in Savoy. Most homes were without electricity until Roosevelt's Rural Electrification program brought the light bulb to the community in the thirties. Until that time, Savoy's water turbine grain mill generated the only electricity in town.

Erma Lee Cowan Phipps' father owned the mill while she was growing up. She remembers that her house became something of a curiosity after her father ran lines to the "homeplace", and Erma Lee's mother had the town's first electric iron and the first washing machine. On wash days, she would have to share power with the mill. If the mill needed more power, Erma Lee's father would flicker the lights in the house and her mother would know to finish her work later.

"Dad also fixed electricity for the school house, and for my uncle's house," Erma Lee recalls. "At night he would leave the water going in the mill and when we were ready to go to bed he would go to the mill and shut the water off."

Savoy's mill, which burned in 1960, had a long history. Its first owner was Adam Carnahan, the first recorded landowner in the Savoy area. The Washington County records show that Carnahan registered his land in Savoy in 1838 and 1839 and the abstract for the mill states that he bought 80 acres in a land grant signed by President John Tyler in 1841. He received an additional grant from Tyler in 1843, and another in 1845 from President James K. Polk. Apparently the mill had passed on to other hands by January 12, 1848 when Charles Hieschspeed registered with the courthouse as the miller of Carnahan's mill. Later, the mill was called Clear Creek Roller Mills, and still later, the American Milling Company.

The mill has changed hands many times over the decades. Erma Lee's grandfather Jones, on her mother's side of the family,

owned the mill at one time, and in 1911 it became the property of her grandfather J. K. Cowan. Later her father, Elgin Ellsworth Cowan, her brother, Ewell Cowan, and her husband, Herschell Phipps, joined the business.

The mill ground flour under the trade name "We-Li-Ka" and cornmeal. Both are remembered fondly by Savoy residents. For example, Grace Cook, whose father worked in the mill, claims that he "made the best cornmeal that ever was. I don't care if he was my daddy." Erma Lee's favorite was the mill's bran cereal. "We used to go and catch cereal off the flour mill," she reminisces. "There was one place where you could open up a pole and stick a piece of paper under it and run the cereal into a bag." Erma Lee's mother would toast that cereal in big black bread pans in their wood-burning stove, and cook it like cream of wheat. "That's the best cereal you ever ate," says Erma Lee. "There's nothing that's ever been like it since. I'd give anything to have some now!"

Erma Lee's father replaced the bran room adjoining the mill with a long store front with double doors and glass windows to house a mercantile store. On the other side of the mill he built a two-story structure with a hatchery down stairs and an apartment upstairs. Erma Lee's parents were living in this building when the mill caught fire on August 22, 1960.

Both parents escaped unharmed from the building but lost all they possessed, including hatchery, mill, and a saw mill that stood back of the grain mill. "When the fire broke out," Erma Lee related, "my mother grabbed a bunch of clothes, ran out of the house, and left everything else behind, even their glasses and their teeth!"

It was a bad month for savoy. Exactly one month before the fire Savoy had experienced the worst flood in its history. On Sunday night, July 24th, it rained ten inches and Clear Creek overran its banks. Water was ten feet deep in the mill and many houses in town were flooded. The Phipps family was so busy trying to save their furniture and their chickens they didn't notice that their truck had begun to float down the road in the general direction of Lake Wedington. They caught the truck but lost most of the chickens.

For Grace Cook's generation, the cyclone of 1898 was the most impressive natural disaster. Grace was five years old at that time and she will never forget the huge wind which picked up a house in the town, turned it completely around and set it down facing north instead of south.

The cyclone also blew down a two-story building which housed the Masonic Lodge and the school. Thereafter, school children had to walk to nearby Cook's Chapel for their lessons. When the Cook's Chapel later burned down, a new school house, complete with an impressive bell tower, was built in Savoy. This one-room school house remained in operation until Savoy was annexed by the Farmington school district in 1948. The old one-room school house is still used as a community center.

Until busing to Farmington began, it was difficult for Savoy children to attend high school. The local school ended with the eighth grade and unless the family could make arrangements for the child to live near a local high school, the student's education came to an early end.

Some families arranged for their children to live in Fayetteville for their high school years. Erma Lee's older sister boarded with a family in Fayetteville for two years until her grandparents moved to Fayetteville. When they returned to Savoy, her mother moved to town until Erma Lee's brother finished high school in 1934.

When ERma Lee, her mother and brother moved to Fayetteville, they brought their cow with them and rented a small pasture on Leverett Street (now the site of an apartment house) for the cow. "Twice a day, my mother or brother would walk down there to milk the cow. We always had fresh milk and butter and even enough left over to sell. I remember going with Mother to deliver it," Erma Lee noted.

One of the highlights of the 1920's in Savoy was the eagerly awaited appearance of Cap Tiller and his traveling movie house. Cap would set up his tent by the schoolhouse and charge people a dime to watch silent movies while he played the musical accompaniment on his accordion. Erma Lee and her friends, fascinated by the show, would find an opportunity to talk to the showman and coax him to play his accordion just for them.

In addition to the traveling minstrel, other migrants found their way to Savoy. A canning factory, built in the '20s, attracted many migrant farm workers who picked strawberries and tomatoes and helped with the canning. Erma Lee's father built several small houses for the workers to live in and others camped for the season outside the factory.

Virgil Swopes was one of the many farmers who grew tomatoes for the cannery. "We'd usually grow about 15 acres of stone tomatoes and haul about 50 crates at a time to the cannery in a wagon," he related. After unloading his harvest on the huge scales, he would be paid about $8 a ton.

The factory provided employment for a large part of Savoy's population. Geneva Marshall Lynch remembers being paid 10 cents an hour in 1933, "and we were happy to get it." The factory went out of business about 1937 and some workers moved to Fayetteville, finding employment in canneries there.

Many people left Savoy during the Depression to find work elsewhere, but the construction of the Lake Wedington dam gave work to those who remained. Though many people were displaced when the government bought 18,000 acres for the new lake, compensation was given to the landowners and efforts were made to ensure that area residents benefited from the jobs the project created. Erma Lee remembers that "a big truck would come after the men to work. Nobody had cars. The men would walk out of all these hills up here and meet at the store. The truck would take them to work and bring them back. I remember seeing them in the evening getting out of the truck with their lunch pails and walking home."

Life in Savoy, as everywhere, has changed greatly, although here, more than most places, the appearance of the town is not of this century. The mill, of course, is gone and that is the most dramatic difference. The schoolhouse, built around 1910, still graces the town and many of the older houses remain, survivors of fires which are common in towns built of wood, heated with wood stoves and open fireplaces, and illumined for years with kerosene. The "homeplace" of the Cowans still stands on the edge of the open pasture in the middle of town. Lifelong residents can point out the various houses they have inhabited over the years, by simply standing on their own front porches.

There aren't many people left living in Savoy who were born and raised there. With increased mobility people do not often spend all their lives in one place anymore. But while Geneva Lynch and cousin Erma Lee were growing up in Savoy, "You could not say a word about anyone because they were all kinfolk."

And even if you weren't related to someone you probably knew just about everything about him. "Everybody was friendly with everybody else," as Geneva Lynch put it. At the old Babcock store, or at Grace Cook's store (no longer in business but still standing at Savoy's first corner) people would gather to talk, pitch horseshoes or play cards. Now, says Geneva, there are some people living in the community that she and her husband don't even know. People are busier these days and don't take the time to mingle as much.

In Geneva's youth, friends got together for pirch parties, candy making and peanut roasting, and evenings of fiddling. Sometimes, musical groups would come to the schoolhouse to put on plays. A platform was built near the center of town for numerous square dances.

Periodically, a kangaroo court was held in which a member of the community would be taken to task for some humorous misdeed or prank. A mock trial, attended by most of the town, would be held, and the guilty party might be thrown into the mill pond for his infraction.

Then, as today, the mill pond was a favorite spot in Savoy. The cool, rushing falls of the dam and the clear cold water of the mill pond have provided respite from the dry, dusty heat of many Arkansas summers.

Much of the Savoy scene has changed through the years but its essential beauty remains intact. The open friendliness of the people, the grace of the hills and bluffs surrounding the community, and the trim neatness of dwellings make Savoy one of the small gems of Washington County. Geneva Lynch probably says it best: "We think it's as pretty as any place in the world."

Have you compiled your Washington County family history?
Submit it to FLASHBACK.

THE JOHNSON HOUSE AND MILL

BY DIANNA KIRK AND BOBBIE LYNCH

(Editor's Note: Although FLASHBACK carried stories concerning the Johnson Mill in February, 1975 and May, 1976, the fact that these properties have been accepted for the National Register of Historic Places makes them newly important to the history of Washington County, and the following description and narrative is of such quality that we believe it should be preserved for the future, as promised in the Society's statement of purpose.)

Johnson house and mill are significant structures, important both for their architecture and for their history. Located in close proximity on a three-acre rural site, the house and mill illustrate a prosperous rural lifestyle found in northwest Arkansas in the late 19th century.

Construction of the Johnson house (originally owned by Jacob Q. Johnson), one of the area's most soundly constructed houses, was completed in 1882. (Johnson's initials, and the date, are carved in stone on the front porch.) The house was built of bricks which were made and kiln-fired in a field south of the house. The stonemason, M. C. Todd, whose name is carved on the northwest corner of the porch, cut the sandstone used for the entry steps, porch, water table and window sills. The carpenter's name was originally carved on a porch bracket, but was lost when the porch was remodeled in the 1920s.

The Johnson house is an ell-shape structure with a one-story wing projecting from the rear of the two-story house. The one-story ell-shape porch, running along the inside of the ell, was enclosed in 1962. A two-story porch covers the center bays of the five-bay-wide west facade.

Separating the brick walls and stone foundation is a water table of cut sandstone. The solid brick walls are set in an unusual pattern, with every ninth row of bricks set lengthwise. Resting on the sandstone porch are four carved limestone blocks which support the wooden porch posts. Each of the nine-foot-tall windows has a sandstone lugsill and segmental arch.

Both sections of the Johnson house have been re-roofed and are now covered with hip roofs with exposed rafters. Brick chimneys extend above the second-story roof on both the north and south elevations. Although the paired brackets have been removed, the paneled frieze on the two-story section remains intact.

On the west facade, the original one-story wooden porch with

deck is still in place, but in the 1920s a roof was added over the second story. The expertly carved woodwork of the porch gives a light, decorative touch to the solid brick house.

The main entry is located on the center bay of the west facade. Set in a segmental arch like the windows, this main entry has oval sidelights over half-panels. There is a wide oval light in the transom, set horizontally, flanked by two smaller oval lights, set vertically. A similar entry opens onto the upper porch.

Inside, the Johnson house has a central hall flanked by single rooms on each floor. Extending from the northwest is the ell wing, which contains the original dining room and kitchen. Except for the enclosed porch, all rooms have 12 foot ceilings. The kitchen, which measures 16' x 18', is slightly larger than the other rooms, which measure 16' x 16'.

Dominating the central hallways is an oval stairway, rising two and one-half stories. Other features of note are the molded trim around the doors and windows, paneled arches between rooms and hand-carved mantle-pieces. The most beautiful feature of the house is the ceiling in the north parlor. Made of inlaid wood, this ceiling was hand-stenciled. Under the two coats of clear varnish, applied in 1924 and 1947, this magnificent ceiling retains its original colors of red, black, green and gold.

Two small outbuildings of early construction emphasize the rural atmosphere of the Johnson farm. Behind the house is a small wellhouse built in 1910. It is of the same type of native stone found in the foundation of the house. Just north of the house is a brick smokehouse constructed about 1880. An important part of farm life, the smokehouse was used to cure and store meats for family consumption. Most country smokehouses were quickly constructed, and thus easily destroyed, but great care was taken in building the Johnson smokehouse. Although "second" quality bricks were used, they were set carefully over the stone floor. Ventilation slits encircle the building about four feet above the ground. This well-preserved smokehouse is a very important example of Arkansas farm life in the late 19th century.

Since its original construction, the Johnson house has remained in the Johnson family. Jacob Q. Johnson sold the house to his brother, Benjamin F. Johnson on 13 February, 1892. The house later belonged to Burtis Benjamin Johnson, son of B. F., and is now owned and occupied by Marion Frank Johnson, the son of B. B. Johnson. Having been passed down through the family, the house has remained in excellent condition.

North of the Johnson house is the mill pond, fed by a natural spring. The mill race, probably built by 1834, runs south from the pond, then west to a point north of the mill, then it turns south to guide the spring water to the mill which is located southwest of the house.

Of even greater historic significance than the Johnson house is the Johnson mill, located about a quarter mile southwest of the house. This two and one-half story frame building, which was completed in 1867, houses a grist mill which has been continuously operated. Food production, now a very important industry in Washington County, began early here with mills such as the Johnsons'.

At the time of the original land survey in 1834 the site was occupied by the Truesdale mill. The survey notes describe the area as containing "Truesdale mill about 3 chains to the left" and also "an old mill to the right about 200 links." If land surveyors in 1834 referred to the mill as "old", then probably it was built much earlier in the century. At any rate, since 1834--and possibly long before--this site has been associated with a mill.

The first claim on the property was filed in 1838 by Mr. John Pyeatte Moore. After his death in 1850, the property passed through a number of hands. The Arkansas Products of Industry census for 1860 lists it as "Sutton's Mill", and deed records indicate that it was then owned by Isabella Sutton, widow of Seneca Sutton, who was first appointed postmaster in the immediate area. (Seneca Sutton died before he could serve as post master, Spring Mill post office, 12 July 1858.) In 1860, Sutton's mill was valued at $10,000 and it processed over $40,000 worth of grain a year.

During the Civil War, northwest Arkansas was the scene of a great deal of fighting. Following the Battle of Pea Ridge, in 1862, retreating Confederate soldiers burned the Truesdale, or Sutton mill, thus preventing the Union troops from capturing and using it. The site lay empty until after the war when the present mill was built.

In November 1865 a deed was filed which transferred the mill property, with improvements and appurtenances, to William, Samuel and Lucinda Mayes, and Jacob Q. and Rhetta J. Johnson. Almost two years later, J. Q. Johnson registered as the miller of "Spring Mill"; thus, construction of the present mill probably took about two years, being finished in 1867. Since that time, the mill has remained in continuous operation. In 1880, the Mayes sold their portion of the property to the Johnsons, and, since then, ownership of the mill has coincided with that of the house.

The mill building rests on a stone foundation like that of the house. Although there are several entries located around the building, only the lower east entry is still in use. On the west elevation, over the terminus of the mill race, a small shed roof was added about 1910.

The original 38-foot overshot mill wheel was located on the west elevation. In 1898 this wheel was removed and the new power source was a fifteen and one-half inch James Leffel turbine. This gave way to a ten-inch Little Giant turbine in the 1920s. The present power source, a natural gas engine, was installed about 1940. The upper two floors of the mill house have always been used for grain storage, while the main floor contains the mill machinery.

Lying just to the northeast of the mill is a one-story warehouse built in 1931. Like the modern garage constructed north of the house, this intrusion does not significantly affect the setting.

CAN YOU IDENTIFY ANY OF THESE FOLKS?
BELIEVED TO BE OF THE FIELDS AND MARTIN FAMILIES

Our Fayetteville City Hospital was opened and dedicated in July of 1912. That year, however, was not the beginning of the hospital. This went back much further--to the inspiration of one man and a community gathered behind him in total effort to build that hospital. As he drove about Fayetteville in his horse-drawn carriage, Dr. W. B. Welch pondered about obtaining better care for his patients. During the Civil War, as a military surgeon, he had been acutely aware of lives lost because of lack of hospitalization. He realized the need for hospital care was also acute in his home town. Finally, on March 25 in 1909 he was instrumental in the formation of a board of active citizens determined to form a hospital in Fayetteville. This board was composed of: "W. B. Welch, president, physician and capitalist; B. R. Davidson, attorney for the Frisco Railroad; Jno. R. Harris, president of the First National Bank of Fayetteville; Bruce Holcomb, cashier of the First National Bank; Judge E. S. McDaniel, state senator; J. M. Williams, vice president, Phipps Lumber Company; A. F. Wolf, townsite promoter and capitalist; A. M. Byrnes, of the Northwest Arkansas Lumber Company; I. G. Combs, capitalist; B. H. Stone, of Stone and Brothers; and Moses Baum, of Baum and Brothers."

On March 29, 1909, a mass meeting of the ladies of Fayetteville was held at the courthouse for the purpose of forming an auxiliary to the City Hospital. Fifty-four members were enrolled. This soon increased to 134 members. Considering that the 1910 census population of Fayetteville was only 4,471, the

membership was quite large. And in July of 1909 a junior auxiliary was formed. The women earned money in many ways. They had bake sales, sponsored entertainments, etc.--and they also worked with the board to obtain subscriptions for the building of the hospital.

There was a hospital soliciting committee, consisting of Dr. A. S. Gregg, James H. McIlroy, and Moses Baum, which "kindly asked for such an amount as you feel willing to give for the building and equipment of a very much needed public and non-sectarian Hospital in our beautiful little city. With your assistance, we hope to be able to help the needy and helpless."

With the groundwork thus started, Dr. H. D. Wood was instrumental in persuading Mr. and Mrs. Stephen K. Stone to deed land to the city as a site for construction of the hospital. This, of course, is where the City Hospital is still located on South School Street.

The hospital was opened on July 1, 1912. Miss Ruth Riley, a graduate of Barnes Hospital in St. Louis, was persuaded to come to Fayetteville as the first superintendent. She told of her dismay upon arriving at the hospital of which Fayetteville was so proud. There was no equipment, and little furniture, in the hospital, and there was a debt of $2,000, with no money in the treasury. The board of control had much interest, but no experience in guiding the hospital. The board consisted of one member appointed by each church in the city, and three members appointed by the City Council. The daily rate charged by the 27-bed hospital was $1.50 for ward patients and $3.00 for private rooms.

Also, Miss Riley remembered there being a wood stove in the kitchen, and no other means of heating water or of boiling instruments. There was an autoclave in the operating room heated by a plumber's torch. There were no call bells, ice boxes, or small electric stoves in the medicine rooms. The beds were flat, with no adjustments, and there were six head rests. The operating room was outfitted (if you could call it that) with a surgical table. There was no elevator.

The first patient was an alcoholic with typhoid fever. He died, and the superintendent wondered if the hospital would stay open and if she would be able to make her salary of $50.00 per month--which salary she was to have if she made it. Hunter Broyles was the first surgical patient. He is still living (in 1977) in Farmington, after his appendectomy.

The first medical staff consisted of Dr. W. B. Welch, president, Dr. C. S. Paddock, Dr. E. F. Ellis, Dr. A. S. Gregg, Dr. H. D. Wood, Dr. W. N. Yates, Dr. H. T. Harr, Dr. Otey Miller, and Dr. Towler (whose initials I have been unable to obtain).

On July 12th, Mrs. W. J. Reynolds presented a child's bed and mattress. Before this, children had been placed on a mattress on the floor, surrounded by chairs.

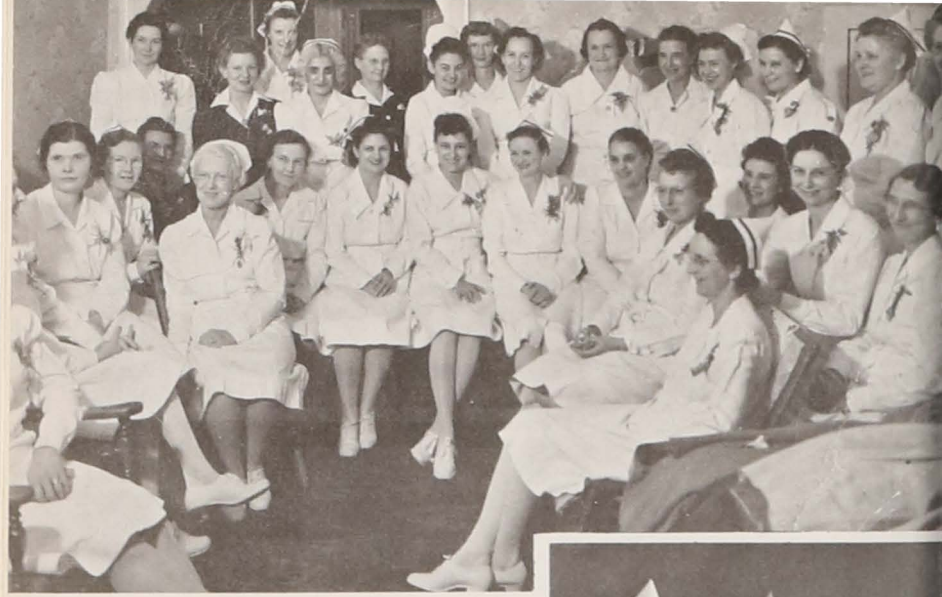
On the second anniversary of the opening, the hospital housed 42 patients.

With the cooperation of the doctors, a school of nursing was organized to help solve the nursing shortage. The first class graduated in 1914, and the school continued until 1934, when the Depression ruled out the necessary improvements. It was my pleasure to speak at the banquet of the last graduating class in 1934 at the old Mountain Inn. Over one hundred girls finished their training here, most of them having taken affiliation at Michael Reese Hospital, in Chicago, for obstetrics, pediatrics, and dietary services, there being insufficient patients at City Hospital to permit adequate training in these areas. The first two or three classes had been permitted to choose the hospital for their affiliation.

In 1915, a Nurses' Home was built. And a laboratory was begun in a four-by-six-foot coat room in the Nurses' Home, with equipment donated by Dr. E. F. Ellis who was always greatly interested in the hospital. Yearly, Dr. Ellis gave anonymously a certain amount of money to be used for patients who could not pay their bills for hospitalization.

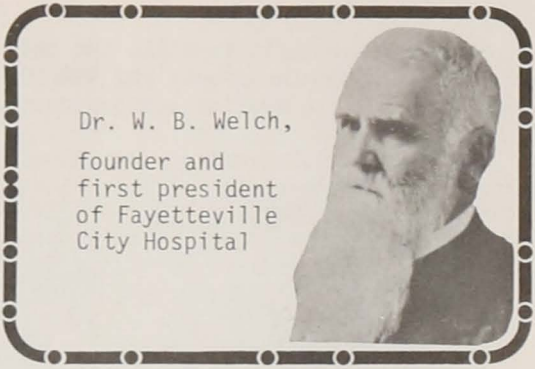
In 1918, James Hoover, twenty years old and a veteran of the first World War, was hired as handyman. He became a jack-of-all trades, doctors' assistant, and friend to patients. Many times I could not have reduced fractures, or put patients with broken hips in traction without James' assistance. James had two sons and three daughters, and all but the youngest son became college graduates. One daughter is a nurse in a Veterans Administration hospital in Topeka, Kansas, and one daughter was cited in the January, 1971 issue of the "Ladies' Home Journal" as one of "America's Seventy-Five Most Important Women." She was also interviewed by Hugh Downs on the "TODAY" show several years ago. She is in the New York office of the United Methodist Church at present, as Associate General Secretary of the Women's Division of the Church.

Community interest in City Hospital continued. Mr. Vol Walker, prominent lawyer, for some time came to the hospital each day to visit patients, and in 1920 Mr. and Mrs. Moses Baum donated x-ray equipment. Prior to that, Dean W. N. Gladson, of the University of Arkansas, who had done much x-ray research, would take x-rays for fractures when the doctors considered it necessary. (Incidentally, he later developed malignancies of his hands from over-exposure to x-rays.)



HELP! HELP!! HELP!!!
Can you help FLASHBACK identify any of the nurses in these three pictures? The group photo is dated ca 1939. The others were probably taken ca World War I.

Dr. A. S. Gregg,
Misses Ruth Barnes,
Ruth Riley and Lulu Strom.



Dr. W. B. Welch,

founder and
first president
of Fayetteville
City Hospital

Dr. E. F. Ellis
is shown
in a snapshot
taken 1920

This microscope,
still owned by the hospital,
was part of the original laboratory
equipment presented to the hospital
in 1915 by Dr. Ellis.

An annex was built in 1922, the cost of which was financed by $12,000 from the county and $10,000 from the Dodson estate. Dr. Dodson was a dentist and businessman from Springdale.

1923 was an outstanding year for City Hospital. It was approved by the American College of Surgeons--one of the first in the state of Arkansas to be so approved. Continuous approval has since been attained, approval from the College of Surgeons and from its successor, the Joint Commission for Accreditation of Hospitals. This has been true of both the hospital and the geriatrics units.

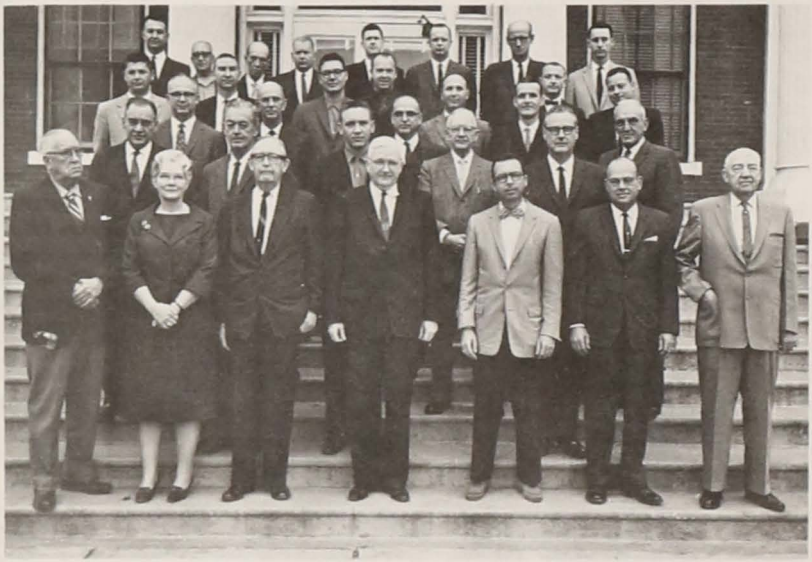
In 1926, an electric elevator was given by Mr. Jim Williams, and surgical patients no longer had to be carried to the operating room. An addition to the Nurses' Home was built in 1929. During the Depression, the hospital suffered from "hard times" but it was kept open by the hard work of its superintendent, Miss Riley. The second floor was closed, and Miss Riley lived in the hospital, on call day and night. From 1943 until 1946, however, the basement of the Nurses' Home had to be used for patient care, as well as the halls of both the first and second floors of the hospital. The daily census was 80 patients, in a 67-bed hospital (exclusive of bassinets), and ordinarily, 85% of occupancy in a hospital is considered the best for efficient service.

In 1946 our hospital was the only hospital between Joplin and Fort Smith. I used to tell Miss Riley to quit admitting patients after hearing them complain that the washrags had holes in them. I was amazed that she could even furnish washrags! Yet, in 1946 City Hospital was recognized as the biggest business enterprise in Fayetteville. There had been 3,574 patients with 2,644 out-of-town patients--a terrific load--in that year and all were ill patients. People were not entering the hospital for periodic check-ups then!

In 1948 Mr. Paris Green donated new x-ray equipment, and the hospital made great strides over the next few years. A School for Practical Nurses, under the Arkansas Education Department, was based at City Hospital. Because of ill health, Miss Riley resigned as superintendent in 1958. She had previously, after 46 years of service, suffered a stroke due to overwork. She will be remembered in the Arkansas Nursing Hall of Fame. Mrs. Wilma Cooper became administrator in 1958. Under her encouragement, the Women's Auxiliary was reorganized. The Auxiliary has been an indispensable aid to the City Hospital, due to its continuing presentation of expensive equipment and its service as a public relations organization.

The hospital was completely renovated in 1960. 1962 was the fiftieth anniversary of its founding. More than 10,000 babies

had been delivered. In 1965 the members of the hospital board were: Alsey Holland, Roy Scott, Roy Edwards, Herbert Lewis, Ed Froning, James Ptak, Lonnie Hall, Garvin Shipley, Jack Roberts and Ms. Ellen Meenen. The staff, in 1965, consisted of 43 active members, 14 courtesy members, and one consulting member.



Row 1: Doctors: Allen Gilbert, Ruth E. Lesh, P. L. Hathcock, Fount Richardson, Art Moore, Jeff Baggett, & W. H. Mock

Row 2: Doctors: Ralph Weddington, Loyce Hathcock, Carie Buckley, V. O. Lesh, W. A. Fowler, Jim Stocker & LeMon Clark

Row 3: Doctors: Wilbur Lawson, Stanley Applegate, James Mashburn, Harrison Butler, Joe Bill Hall, Dwight Dodson, A. T. DePalma, Fred Ogden, James W. Buice, & James Patrick

Row 4: Doctors: L. L. Barta, Coy Kaylor, Howell Leming, John W. Vinzant, Rodney Baker, Sidney Arnold, Wendell Ward & Wade Burnside (Date early 1960s)

In 1962 Mr. Kenneth Sanders became administrator of the hospital. It is noteworthy that he was only the third administrator to serve since the hospital was opened in 1912. He was well qualified, as he had been administrator of a hospital and geriatrics unit in Walnut Ridge and was familiar with problems related to a joint operation. In 1965, the south geriatrics wing was opened at the City Hospital, bringing a new concept of care of elderly patients. Forty beds for long-term care were provided. The name of the hospital became "Fayetteville

City Hospital and Geriatrics Center" in 1964. This was one of the first geriatrics centers in the state to be under hospital management. In 1965 a physical therapy unit was opened to meet a long-felt need, and the north wing of the hospital was opened, creating a capacity of 125 beds. In September of 1972 the Riley Wing was opened for 27 medical patients, and the hydrotherapy unit was launched, with assistance from the Arthritis Foundation of Arkansas. The pharmacy, with a full-time pharmacist, and social services departments have been organized, and add much to patient care. The beauty shop also helps "perk up" long-term patients, and the recent pulmonary care unit greatly enhances the ability to care for the acutely ill patient.

The City Hospital and Geriatrics Center is a non-sectarian institution for the care of the sick and injured, rendering to all the best possible service for 170 patients--110 long-term, and 60 medical beds. In 1976, there were 261 employees of the hospital with a monthly payroll of $119,166. The hospital derives all its revenue from patient care. Originally, representatives from seven churches in town--the Methodist, Christian, Baptist, Episcopalian, Catholic and two Presbyterian churches--served on the board, and three members were appointed by the city board of directors. Since there is now only one Presbyterian church in two, there are six members from the churches and four appointed by the city board of directors.

A new building program, financed by revenue bonds to be sold in April of this year (1977), will provide for 72 new beds and for respiratory therapy, the pharmacy, and the laboratory. The old building will be torn down. One new floor will be used for hospital patients and another for extended-care patients. October 7, 1976 bids were let for the new construction. Kan-Ark Construction Company of Rogers was given the contract for the $2,019,000 building program, construction to start in February of 1977.

Present board members are: Mr. Harry Vandergriff, Mr. Alsey Holland, Ms. Ellen Meenen, Dr. Joe B. Hall, Mr. John Lewis, Dr. Ruth Ellis Lesh, Mr. Grover Thomas, the Rev. Stephen Cranford, Mr. Ed Connell, and Mr. Gerald Jones.

To emphasize some of the important points in the City Hospital history --

1912--it was the only hospital between Joplin and Ft. Smith. The first nurses' school in the area was also begun.
1915--the first laboratory in this section was opened.
1953--a Practical Nurses' school was opened.

Miss Ruth Riley, first superintendent of the hospital, headed the State Nurses' Association and the State Board of Registration for Nurses for many years. She was superintendent of

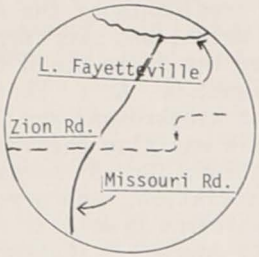
the hospital for a total of 46 years, from 1912 to 1958. The staff of this hospital has provided five presidents of the Arkansas State Medical Society: Dr. W. B. Welch, who was first president of the Society and who organized the state board for the examination and licensing of physicians; Dr. E. F. Ellis, Dr. W. H. Mock, of Prairie Grove; Dr. Fount Richardson; and Dr. Stanley Applegate, of Springdale. Dr. Ellis was also president at one time of the Frisco Medical Association. Dr. Richardson was president of the Southern Medical Association, and president-elect of the American Academy of Physicians as well as editor of the Arkansas State Medical Society Journal. (Editor's note: Dr. Ruth Ellis Lesh, author of this article, was first woman physician to serve as vice president of the Arkansas Medical Society.

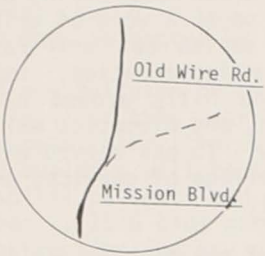
The hospital opened the first hydro-therapy pool, in connection with the therapy department in any hospital in this area, and had the first geriatrics unit under hospital management in north Arkansas.

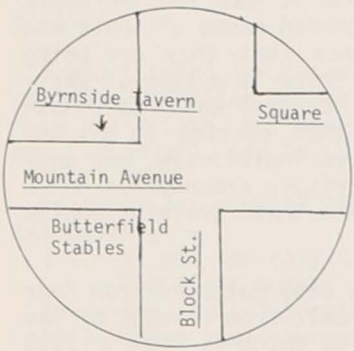
The Fayetteville City Hospital has been unique in striving to give good service to patients. May it continue to merit the tribute offered a number of years ago by Grace Reese Atkins and published in our local paper: "I wish to speak a word of tribute to City Hospital. For years it has served not only Fayetteville but the entire county and surrounding counties. Families from every nook and cranny of the hills around have learned principles of hygiene, sanitation, and dietetics while attending relatives who were in its care. It has served with unfailing cheerfulness and joy in the privilege of service, and has stood like a bulwark, guarding us all.

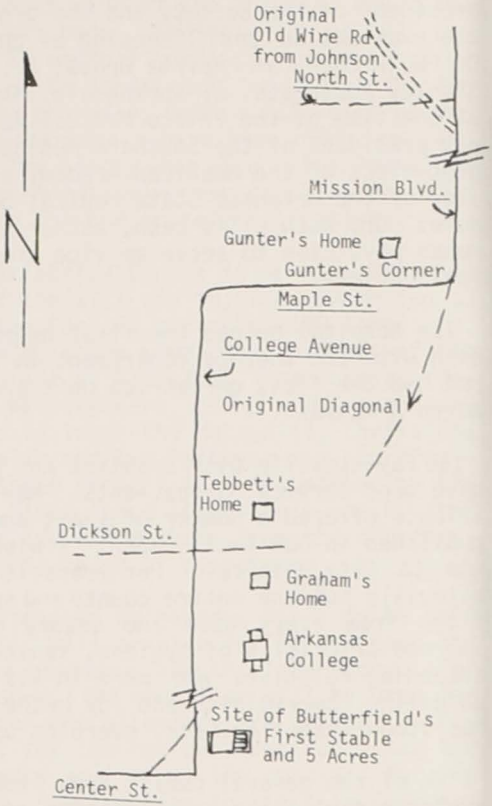
"We of the general public know little of the problems in inadequate facilities and financing which it has had to meet. We know there are problems, and the honored names of those who guide its destinies give us confidence that they are being faced with honesty and intelligence. There is a type of service which is beyond price and that is the type which City Hospital has consistently rendered. By that service it has won a high place in the regard of unnumbered individuals, not only in Fayetteville, but in all the territory around. It is a pleasure to let the staff and board know that a grateful public remembers."

(Material for this brief history has been gathered from Year Books of the City Hospital Nurses' School, from minutes of the first Women's Auxiliary (preserved by my mother), from a 1956 article on Miss Ruth Riley, written by Mr. Thomas Rothrock and appearing in our local paper, from Mr. Kenneth Sanders, present administrator of the hospital, from interviews with Miss Riley and from my personal knowledge.)









Solid Line (——)
is Route of the Butterfield Trail

The Old Wire-Telegraph road leading to the Sutton-Johnson Mill at Johnson (AR.), from Fayetteville, was part of a very early road known as the Bentonville road. An 1866 map shows three roads leading to the north from Fayetteville but it does not define a merging point. A map of 1888 shows a diagonal connecting Old Wire Road to the Missouri-Butterfield Road as pictured above. A map dated 1892 does not show the merging point but does show the Bentonville-Wire Road as intersecting with the Missouri-Butterfield Road at what is now Maple Street and Highway 71.

THE BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND MAIL ROUTE

BY KARL VAN SCYOC

(The following article was written by Karl Van Scyoc, age 17 who is a junior in the Fayetteville high school. He is a member of Boy Scout Troop 190, and this article is a part of his effort to achieve his eagle badge which specifies that he participate in a community project. The City of Fayetteville has marked the Butterfield Trail from his research with appropriate markers from downtown Fayetteville to the north city limits on the approval of the Historical Society. The same type of signs will mark the trail in the Springdale area to the Benton County line. The markers were designed by Mark Dyer, also a junior in Fayetteville high school.

(Karl has spent many hours researching this article and made several trips to my home with drafts. The research is all his and very well documented, and is as accurate as possible, with the early survey maps available at the University of Arkansas, the Fayetteville library, and the National Archives. Road and original survey records were also studied at the county courthouse.

(Karl is not the first young person to have an article published in FLASHBACK, but I believe he is the first to research and document an article. Hopefully, he won't be the last.
- Bobbie Byars Lynch)

I spent the last six months researching the Butterfield Overland Mail Route. During that period, I learned new things, met new people, discovered new sources, and weighed new ideas, all to learn about old things, old people, old sources, and old ideas.

My assignment, specifically, was to locate and mark the route of the Butterfield Overland Mail as it approached Fayetteville from the north toward the town square. One question that arose was whether it went diagonally from a point on Mission Boulevard to the stables near the square on a road described in an 1831 survey by N. Rightor, or whether it took another route.

Many of the roads on the Butterfield Mail Route when it was in operation from 1858 to 1861 were already in use; however, to reduce time, Butterfield would cut a new road when it was needed. In this area, the road most generally taken was the Old Missouri Road. It is interesting to note that the Missouri Road has been labeled the Springfield Road, the National Highway, Government Post Route Road, Old Wire Road, the State Road, the Goshen Road, and the Military Road. Perhaps the most common error is calling the road leading north out of town both

the Missouri Road and the Old Wire Road. It is correct to say that they both ended up in Springfield, Missouri, but the Old Wire Road, like the Butterfield Overland Mail Route, deviated from the Missouri Road at various points.

In an 1859 county road record at the County Clerk's office, the Missouri Road is shown to pass by Arkansas College (where the First Christian Church now stands): "Ordered by the Court that the road leading from Fayetteville to Springfield, Missouri, as it now runs by the colledge William McGarahs, E. H. Phillips, Jack Hewitts, Spencer F. Fines and John Fitzgeralds, to the Benton County line be denominated and called the Missouri Road and is...declared to be a public high way..."[1]

The preceding quote left things vague until I found that in Campbell's One Hundred Years of Fayetteville there is a statement that "The old National Highway from St. Louis to Ft. Smith, the 'Old Wire Road,' came in by the Gunter Place (now the home of Homer Jackson), on west by the Davidson place, thus avoiding the McGarrah farm, and into North College Avenue."[2] To fit this description, the Old Wire Road approaching Fayetteville, from Johnson would have had to rejoin the Missouri Road before Gunter's corner. A geological map of Fayetteville made in 1888 shows a diagonal merging before the corner. This is shown on the diagram.

Analyzing the quote, piece by piece, Gunter's corner was at the Maple and Mission intersection. There was some question as to whether Gunter's corner might have been at Lafayette and Mission. Neither the records at the Circuit Clerk's office, nor abstracts of the property at that corner, show Cunter owning property there. He did, however, own four acres at the northwest corner of Maple and Mission. This, plus discussion with long-time residents of Fayetteville, confirmed Maple and Mission as Gunter's corner.

Study of Davidson land purchases shows that Elijah Davidson bought eleven acres east of College Avenue and north of Maple Street. That would agree with what Campbell said of the road going "by the Davidson place."

William and John McGarrah were the first owners of the north west quarter of Section 15, bounded by what is now College Avenue on the west and Maple Street on the north. They received the deed from the United States Government in 1833. During the

[1] Washington County Road Records, Book "D", p. 179. E. H. Phillips and Jack Hewitt owned adjacent lands now partially covered by Lake Fayetteville.

[2] W. S. Campbell, One Hundred Years of Fayetteville, p. 19.

following years, the McGarrah property was bought, sold, mortgaged, auctioned, and deeded back to the McGarrahs so often it is difficult to pinpoint exactly when William McGarrah was in possession of the property. Tax records on microfilm at the University of Arkansas library indicate that, in 1859, William McGarrah's property in Section 15 extended to Maple Street. Maple Street, therefore, appeared to be the road that would be "avoiding the McGarrah farm." McGarrah sold portions of this tract to Robert Graham for the Arkansas College, to Jonas M. Tebbetts and to John Butterfield himself. Refer to diagram on page 30 for locations.

In the journal of Marian Tebbetts Bane, daughter of Jonas M. Tebbetts, we note: "Back of the four acres (her father's property at the corner of College and Dickson) were the McGarrah cornfields,"[3] thus agreeing with the Missouri Road description given earlier, that the road went by William McGarrah's land. Another quote from the journal: "Yes, the famous old 'coach and six' had left St. Louis...it passed right by our place, six horses in full gallop..."[4] This quote did not indicate where the horses were at full gallop, but the speed would suggest a straight run, in turn, implying College Avenue, rather than Dickson Street as some have thought. One more quote from the journal illustrates where the route went. "The Tebbetts four acres were on what is now College Street and Lafayette Avenue (she probably meant Dickson Street, for the four acres did not extend north as far as Lafayette), thus giving the place two highways, one on the west, the old Overland route, the other to the front that turned about a square away in a graceful downhill curve into a road leading to the north."[5]

All of the information I found definitely showed that from Tebbetts' land, the Butterfield stage took College Avenue to Center Street. I still was curious about that old diagonal, possibly left over from 1831. In the county road records, I had found no court order discontinuing the diagonal as a public highway. Although a Civil War map printed in the April, 1953 FLASHBACK is not considered official, the creator of the map could not have been far off by drawing in what is now Dickson Street, labeling it "lower Huntsville & Missouri Road." Marian Tebbetts Bane mentions a road in that direction when she remembers "a lot owned by Robert Graham and in a line with it, but across a street, father owned four acres."[6] Another part of

[3] Tebbetts Journal, p. 60

[4] Ibid., p. 78

[5] Ibid., p. 98

[6] Ibid., p. 60

of the quote "...thus giving the place two highways, one on the west, the old Overland route, the other to the front that turned about a square away in a graceful downhill curve into a road leading to the north," indicates that the diagonal may still have been there at the time of the Overland Mail.

I considered the term of "Lower Huntsville & Missouri Road" on the Civil War map as referring to the road at that time as a secondary or less important route of the Missouri Road after discovery of the following in the centennial issue of the Fayetteville Democrat, July 2, 1928: "The old Butterfield Stage, famed in history as first to penetrate the South and on to the Great West, entered Fayetteville from its northeast corner, first by the Gunter property on the Goshen Road, then on North College Avenue via Maple Street by the Davidson property." It is interesting to note the similarity between this quote and the one from Campbell. The quote above was printed about two weeks before the release of Campbell's book. In the same newspaper, in the obituary of Mrs. Isaac Taylor (granddaughter of James Byrnside, who was owner of a tavern on the square at the time of the Butterfield Overland Mail) in the January 14, 1929 issue, this appeared: "What is now College Avenue, on which paved thoroughfare she lived during the last years of her life, was then a muddy or dusty road, according to the weather, and was called the Missouri Road, a part of the famous old Butterfield stagecoach trail which turned at Maple and out of town by way of the Gunter place..."

I feel that the information included in this debut of a new reasearcher has cleared up a problm that has been the subject of many discussions. Following is more information pertaining to the Butterfield Trail in and around Fayetteville.

In its first year of operation, the stables were where the Ozark theater is, but after the first year, they were relocated on the southwest corner of the square where the City Administration Building now is. The Byrnside tavern was across the street to the north.

Originally Butterfield stages were scheduled to pass through Fayetteville twice a week. But later Butterfield purchased an additional stage line to Fort Smith. In the Arkansian of July 16, 1859 is written "We understand that Col. John Butterfield, of the Overland Mail, has purchased from Mr. Thomas Waldron his contract with the Government for carrying the mail tri-weekly from this place to Ft. Smith." Then, later in the same article "Col. B. intends also running an extra coach, in connection with the overland mail from this place to Springfield...the tri-weekly stages will connect with the Overland Mail coaches and extras at this place."

Every major road in Washington County had commissioners to oversee the conditions of the road. In 1859 the commissioners for the Missouri Road districts were: Hammond Marshall, overseer for the first district, from the corporation line of Fayetteville to the crossing of the creek between E. H. Phillips and Jack Hewitt; Thornsberry W. Barr, overseer for the second district, from the crossing to the Clear Creek Township line; and Albert S. Gregg, overseer for the third district from the Prairie Township line to the Benton County line. The court ordered that the entire Missouri road be cut forty feet wide.

Now that I have totally confused you, the serious reader may find it helpful to reread this article with care, comparing the explanation to the diagram to get a more complete view of what I wish to say.

As this is my first attempt at historical work, I invite comments on my endeavor.

* * * * *

DR. ROBERT R. LOGAN, CHARTER MEMBER OF WCHS, DIES

Dr. Logan, who was a charter member of the Washington County Historical Society and its president at one time, died June 5, 1976 in Fayetteville. Born September 30, 1897 in Fayetteville he was the son of Thomas M. and Polly Skelton Logan, and a descendant of the early and well-known Skelton family of Washington County.

He was a graduate of the University of Arkansas, receiving a BA and master's degree there. He was awarded his doctorate at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. Before returning to the University of Arkansas in 1942, he taught at the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque. Until he retired in 1965, he was a professor in the School of Business Administration in Fayetteville.

In addition to his work with the WCHS, Dr. Logan was active in many civic organizations. As a veteran of World War I, he was a member of the Skelton Tucker American Legion Post and he served Washington Masonic Lodge No. 1 as well as the Shrine.

The Washington County Historical Society mourns his loss and is grateful for the many services he performed for so long.

* * * * *

QUERIES

A. M. Foster, 217 North Locust Street, Fayetteville, AR writes: "John David FOSTER (1827-1900) was born in Tennessee, married to Nancy Jane ROBBINS (1831-1888) in Washington County, Arkansas on June 22, 1848. They spent the remainder of their lives at Durham, Arkansas, and became the parents of eleven children. John Foster had two sisters. Cassandra married Henry SNYDER, and Ellen married Jefferson P. MAGUIRE, both marriages in Washington County. Any help in finding the parents of these three children will be appreciated."

Linda Nicklas, 3325 Piccadilly Cr., Nacogdoches, Texas 75961, wants information about John Henry GREGG, b. 18 March, 1839 in Washington County, Arkansas. The 1850 U. S. census of Washington County, Prairie Township, family #117 lists a Samuel GREGG, age 50, and Adolphus, Marget, Andrew, Samuel, John age 10, Livonia and Constance. Could this 10-year-old John be John Henry? Was Samuel his father? Does anyone know what became of this family? John Henry Gregg moved to Texas and married Martha C. DOAK, also born in Arkansas. Where did they settle in Texas?

"Need information about Abbie (Abigail) FULBRIGHT, dau Ephraim (spelled "Ephriam" by Goodspeed) Fulbright, who came to Valley Springs from Missouri, at the outbreak of the War for Southern Independence. She married Col. Wm. E. WALKER, aide-de-camp to B/G Wm. Y. Slack, who was fatally injured at the Battle of Pea Ridge. After hostilities ceased, Col. Walker located in Valley Springs, at the urging of his close friend, Col. Daniel N. Fulbright. Abbie Fulbright Walker died prior to Col. Walker's second marriage in 1872 to Annie MORRISON. When and where did she die, where was she buried, who were her children--who were early victims of tuberculosis?" Col. John H. Walker, Jr., 4109 Honeycomb Rock Circle, Austin, Texas 78731 (512) 345-0361.

Col. Walker also seeks information on Annie MORRISON, who married Col. Wm. E. WALKER, Valley Springs, Arkansas in 1872. After his death in 1894 she moved to Alvord, Texas with her five children, presumably because her sister lived there with her husband, N. W. HATCHETT. Was Annie's father the river pilot, George Morrison? Was Annie Morrison born in Coal Hill, Arkansas? Did she have a sister, Betty, married to N. W. Hatchett? Was N. W. Hatchett a one-time resident of Searcy County?

Mrs. Bill Terneus, 230 S. E. 17th, pryor, Oklahoma 74361 badly needs information on her great-great-grandfather, William Ramsey, born 1804-1810, in Tennessee. In 1860 Washington County, Arkansas census, wife was listed as Elizabeth, 48, born N. C., probably second wife. Children: (1) Joel, b ca 1834 in Tenn. in 1880 was with wife Eliza Francis Jones Lewis, daughters Jo-

sephine and Angeline, stepson Hugh Lewis. (2) my great-grandfather, William Y., born 1836, Tenn., died 1920; on death record it states his mother was Elsie Sanders. (3) Jane, born ca 1842, Tenn. (4) Samuel, 1845, Tenn.; married Sarah Ellen Lee. (5) Aaron, born ca 1848, Tenn. married Elizabeth ?. (6) Catharine, born ca 1851 in Ellinois; where? Did she marry Francis M. Cosnum? There may have been a son George and other children. Where in Tennessee did this family live? Any help would be appreciated. (Editor's note: Please do not call Grace or Faye Ramsey in Fayetteville concerning this query.)

Mrs. A. B. Corder, 295 32nd Avenue, N. E., Paris, Texas 75460, requests information about her grandmother, Mary Dallas BARRON b. in Fayetteville 1869, dau of W. J. Barron, and married W. W. CASS, in Fayetteville, about 1889 or 1890. She had a brother named Dave Barron.

"Did Rev. Jacob SEXTON (1785-1875) marry Dolly SCOTT, sister of Joseph Scott. I would like any information on these Scotts of Washington and Crawford Counties, and am anxious to correspond with Scott descendants." Mrs. Lucile White Prior, 252 Prior Lane, Atherton, California 94025.

Mrs. Culver Batson, Wadmalaw Island, S. C. 29487 would like to contact descendants of Charles H. LEVERETT and his wife Blanche JENKINS. Mr. Leverett was a charter member of the University of Arkansas faculty in 1872.

Mrs. George Hilton, P. O. Box G, Lincoln, AR 72744 wants information about the David and Jacob MAYBERRY families who lived in the Rhea and Wedington areas during the earlier days.

Mrs. Willa Foreman, 53 East Whitney Street, Chula Vista, California 92010 would like to exchange information and correspond with descendants of John ODLE, born 1795 in Tennessee. Moved to Washington County, Arkansas in the late 1830s and died there in 1866. Known children: Anna, married Elijah CUTBIRTH, William, married Eliza PRICE; Narcissa, married Daniel Cutbirth; Jeremiah, married Martha HIGGINBOTHAM; Samuel, married Hetty NORWOOD and Mary Odle.

Albert L. Carr, P. O. Box 281, Venice, Florida 33595, will exchange information on the following family members: (1) (Jas.?) Austin Carr, b. 1805, Va., md. Margaret Carr, 1826, Clark Co., Ind. Margaret b. 1805-1810, Ky. Children: (2) John J., born Oct. 13, 1832, Morgan Co., Ind. (3) Peter Joe (Jas.) born 1835 Morgan Co., Ind. (4) Thorton W., b. 1838, Morgan Co., Ind. (5) Hulda Anne, b. 1853, Davis Co., Iowa. Believe father of Austin Carr to be listed in the 1820 census of Indiana, Clark, Jackson or Ripley Counties. The 1830 Morgan County, Ind. census shows James W., William, Johnthan, and Austin Carr. Their relation-

ship cannot be proven at this time. James W. and Austin Carr, 1840, area north of Burlington, Iowa. 1850 Iowa census shows a large contingency, including Austin, near Floris, Davis Co., Iowa. (2) John J. Carr md. Tellitha Emma HUSSONG, 1855, Story Co., Iowa. Children: (a) William Morgan, b. Nov. 5, 1858, in Story Co., Iowa, md. Sarah Dove KENNEDY, Barry Co., Missouri. Family moved ca 1917 to Rogers Co., Okla., later Wagoner Co., Okla. (b) Amelia J., March 7, 1861, Nebr., no information is available. (c) James A(ustin), b. Oct., 1868, Nebr. Believe this James A. Carr md. Jen M. (?), and died Jan. 11, 1934, in Crawford Co., Ark. Need confirmation and details on family. (d) Joseph M., born June 18, 1866, Nebr. Believe Joseph "Joe" Carr and Allta "Lady" Slaughter, possibly Washington Co., Ark. Need confirmation and details on family. (e) Tellitha Lily Viola, born Jan. 5, 1869, Iowa. Need further information on her and her family. John J. and "Emma" Carr family lived Story Co. Iowa, 1855-1859 or 1860. No confirmation of 1860 residence in Nebraska. After 1866, family moved back to Iowa and 1870-1880 moved to Barry Co., Missouri and then to Crawford, Washington, and/or Benton Counties, Arkansas. John J. and "Emma" died somewhere in the Boston Mountains. Not confirmed.

"Need information on Jacob WATTS, born North Carolina. Children: Nathanial, Samuel, John, William, James, Josiah, Martin, and Jacob. Living in Washington County, Arkansas, in 1850 and 1860. Migrated to Greenwood County, Kansas ca. 1863. He married (second) Elizabeth CASNER, 7 June 1866, Greenwood County, Kansas. Would like information on the George DAME (DANE) family, also of Washington County, Arkansas." Mrs. Leta Harrell, P. O. Box 146, Hamilton, Kansas 66853.

Can anyone identify this store near Fayetteville?
James F. Head thinks it was that of H. F. (Doc) Head.
The handbill in the window, magnified, reads
"Reunion - Battlefield Pk., Aug. 28-Sept. 3, 1893"

MARRIAGES OF 1885

W. S. Langston, 24, and Miss Luella Callison, 17, were married December 25th by Justice Hogg. The Howe Langstons were marrying off.

D. E. Jackson, Crawford Township Justice of the Peace, officiated at a ceremony for Alfred A. Ledford, 22, and Miss Arizona Peters on February 18th. Arizona lived at Woolsey.

Samuel Cox, a Presbyterian minister, united Evansville couple, A. G. Lewis, 55, and 26-year-old Mrs. Sarah T. Henry, of Eads, in Crawford County, and signed the certificate for them on the 15th of November.

W. E. Lewis, of Weddington, and Miss D. A. Jackson, age 29 and 20, called on Justice P. West on November 15th. (Miss Jackson lived at Cincinnati.)

Henry R. Liles and Jimmie Yates, Fayetteville residents, ages 34 and 20 years, were married by Justice J. F. Johnson May 30.

A. W. London and Miss Susan G. Harrison, of the Bidwell community east of Mt. Gaylor, ages 34 and 20, took their vows before H. C. Osburn on February 4th.

J. C. Robertson, a minister, read the ceremony for David Looper, 20, and 16-year-old Miss Angie Ramsey, both of Elm Springs on April 7th.

John A. Maberry, age 22, and Miss Lillie Cowan, 15 years, were married by minister N. F. Goodrich on December 23. Their home was listed as Rheas Mill.

Willie Maguire and Miss Ellen Crow, 30 and 19 years, were married on September 6 by Justice T. J. Harmon. The couple lived out on White River.

J. L. Mahoney, 22, from Viney Grove, and Miss Ann Asher, 18, of Rheas Mill, had their December 24th, Christmas Eve ceremony by Rev. J. S. Cowan.

F. J. Males, 32, and Miss Annie Perry, 18, of West Fork, were united in marriage November 29th by Justice W. H. Davis.

Blackburn couple John H. Mannon, 25, and Miss Alice Bailey, 26, were married by Justice Davis on February 24th.

W. P. Masters and Miss Netty Eavens, ages 21 and 16, were taking vows in the presence of Rev. Johnson Crawford on September 20th. The couple lived at Mankins.

J. C. Mateer, 29, of Rheas Mill, and Miss Nettie Proffitt, 18, of the Viney Grove area, were united in a civil ceremony by W. G. Hoff, Justice of the Peace, on September 10th.

A Fayetteville couple, R. L. McCarty and Mrs. Emma Baylor, age 38 and 33, were wed by the Rev. William Penn on September 9th.

At West Fork, J. L. McConnell, 23, and Miss E. E. Curtis, 22, surprised friends by stepping on the train, going to Fayetteville, and purchasing a marriage license. Justice H. H. Davis did their service on February 8th.

M. H. McGary, 21, and Miss Martha Anderson, 18, of Springdale, were married by Justice of the Peace H. G. Hartley on November 22nd.

Edward McGlothlin, 27, of Evansville and his 15-year-old friend Miss Pink E. Cornett, were pronounced husband and wife on July 19th by the Rev. George F. Tatum. (I note that in the Circuit Court items Ed was charged with carrying a pistol; in 1885, in Evansville it wasn't safe to go around without a gun.)

W. G. McLain, 24, and Miss Elizabeth Langston, Winslow people, were married on February 15th by Amon Scales, a Justice of the Peace.

J. C. Means, 27, and Miss S. E. Gibson, 18 years old, of Spring Valley, went to their local preacher, T. T. Black. who declared them husband and wife on March 22nd.

William Mhoon and Miss Mary Jenkins, both 18 and both from the Maguire Store neighborhood, were married on April 23rd by Elder John Sherry.

P. C. Miller, 42, and Miss Ida Brown, 31, of the same Maguires area, were married on November 24th by Elder M. Slaughter.

S. A. Miller, 24, and Miss Saline Gollaher, Fayetteville folks, were united with the blessing of Eli Baker, an Ordained Minister, on January 19th.

From Hick, Texas, Jon F. Montgomery, 32, came up to claim the hand of Mrs. Theo D. E. Combs, 29, from Goshen, with the Rev. Russell Weaver taking the vows. Their date was December 4.

Billingsley couple James Moore, 23, and Miss Susan Phillips, 15, came to Justice of the Peace B. M. Curtis for their June 21 wedding.

On September 2 J. M. Morris, of Howe, 20, and Miss Mallie Ford 17, were wed by Justice of the Peace W. J. Hogg.

OLD CIRCUIT COURT

BY LLOYD MC CONNELL

Judge James M. Pittman opened the January, 1885 term of circuit court and seated the following persons on the grand jury: J. D. Lewis, Jacob White, Pleasant West, William Shreve, N. S. Trammell, William Guinn, Jr., Ellis Carney, W. Z. Mayes, Henry Hartley and Zadoc Winn.

The Sheriff, Mr. Henry, called from an alternate list and P. T. Rose, Hiram Brewster, George Sparks, William Bloyd and Henry Funkhouser were added.

G. E. Moore and James Gillis failed to respond to their summons, and a fine of $10.00 was levied against them. The Judge wanted all persons summoned to be in Court.

Some persons, such as a school director, were excused. Some were ill, or their families were sick. These included: W. Y. Wilkinson and W. C. Douglas. N. L. Mitchell and Richard Blackmer were not found by the deputy serving the notices. Could be that some citizens not wanting to serve on the jury kept close watch on people riding up the road on horseback, and hiked out to the back woodland until he was gone.

Composing the petit jury were Richard Sharp, James Campbell, Samuel R. Braly, Joe Tilley, Walker Moore, W. R. Land, William Whitlow, Hugh Rogers, H. M. Rood, Walker Gilbreath, A. J. Ritter, Samuel Cox, John Fincher and John G. Sexton.

William Springston, Ellery Clark, John Jones, and John Matthews were seated. From the alternate list came Joel Abshier, Samuel Walker, James Bassett, Isaac Combs, and William Shafer. Charles P. Carnter was excused for illness. John V. Edmiston was fined $10.00 for failure to report.

William Smith was added to the jury list. Charles Scott and George Bryant were not served.

The docket held a large number of misdemeanor cases. Apparently, the Grand Jury of the preceding term had been very active in inquiring into disturbances at local church gatherings, picnics, etc., as well as those racing on the highways, mounting moving trains, and carrying pistols.

John Black paid $1.00 into court for disturbing; but it cost William Clark $5.00. Cal Rutherford and William Perry, an altercation; Rutherford paid $75.00 and Perry $5.00. S. R. Stone was charged with an assault to kill, which might be using gun, knife, club, bottle, or a singletree from a wagon. The charge

was always "Assault with a deadly thing."

G. W. Morrow was fined $10.00 for contempt of court, probably not reporting for a jury or as a witness. James Gillis was given the same penalty.

Robbery was pending against Moore and McKenyon, and it was continued until the next term. Oscar Moore was charged with assault to kill. William Gregory and Jesse Ritter faced disturbing church indictments, being assessed fines of $25.00 and $5.00, depending on how much disturbance was caused.

Riding horses too close to the front door of the church was cause for some persons to visit the grand jury at the earliest possible date, often at the urging of a complaining wife. And stalking out of church while the preacher was in prayer, often accompanied by a jig and a hop near the door, was frowned upon by pious citizens. William Clark got a $50.00 fine for such a disturbance.

Charles Washington was guilty of carrying a pistol, fine $50. A. J. Uptgrove filed suit against William R. Lively, and C. R. Buckner sued William Warren. Little civil business was going on. A. J. Hale, attorney, was elected Special Judge for cases where Judge Pittman was disqualified.

The cases against Ed McGlothlin and William Jackson, charged with wearing weapons, were continued until another term. Jarrett Trammell, found guilty by a jury on some felony, was given a prison term, but he asked the court to set aside the verdict and order a new trial. The verdict was set aside, and the defendant was discharged.

A. J. Blakemore was discharged by the court on a misdemeanor complaint. R. M. Lichlyter and Joseph Ferguson were charged with wearing weapons. William Kidd was held to another term, and John Griffing was found not guilty. Thomas White and William Davis were guilty of breach of the peace; each received a $5.00 fine.

Jesse Thompson faced a murder charge; the trial jury reduced it to voluntary manslaughter, and the defendant filed a motion to set aside the verdict, which was granted.

Doc Jones and a lady friend were charged with illegal cohabitation. At one time, this was a very common complaint before the grand jury. In late years, this law has been greatly disregarded--it may be now that it's legal to cohabit with a consenting adult of the opposite sex. Could be.

PHELAN, CARROLL AND WALLEN FAMILIES

BY WILLIAM ROBERT PHELAN

Prudia Frances Phelan, daughter of Thomas and Sarah (Skelton) Phelan, was born 8 March, 1862; died 8 October, 1904. On Oct. 10, 1880, she married Isaac Wilson Carroll. Ten children were born to them: Henry F., born 23 March, 1882; Walter A., born 24 August, 1884; Thomas D., born 8 Feb., 1886; Sarah Charollet, born 18 Oct., 1888; Roy L., born 17 Sept., 1890; Homer D., born 24 Dec., 1892; Loyd R., born 17 Jan., 1897; Dollie D., born 27 (?), 1898; Lavada A., born 4 July, 1901; Oscar, born 24 Nov., 1903.

Sarah Charollet Carroll, the eldest daughter, married Anderson (Yank) Wallen, on 30 September, 1910. He was the youngest son of Dempsy Wallen and Becky Jane (Knox) Wallen. Also, he was a brother to Rebecca Jane Wallen, who married William Henry (Bill) Phelan. Four children were born to Yank and Charollet Wallen: Aubrey, born 21 July, 1912; John Elzie, born 21 November, 1913; Elmer Lee, born 23 May, 1916; Earl Dempsy, born 6 April, 1920. Sarah Charollet Wallen died on March 2, 1977.

Aubrey Wallen married Irene McElyea on 27 June, 1935, and they have no children.

John Elzie Wallen married Anna June Lewis, 18 May, 1940; they have two children: John Wayne, born 13 February, 1942 and Jerry Ray, born 21 August, 1945.

Elmer Lee Wallen married Mary Ellen Olson, 6 Sept., 1941. They have a daughter, Virginia Ann, born 2 Oct., 1942.

Earl Dempsy Wallen and Opal Grace Bohannan were married 4 April, 1942. Two sons were born to them: Tommy Lynn, b. 30 Dec., 1942; Edward Earl, b. 19 April, 1947. An adopted daughter, Peggy Louise Wallen, was b. 11 Dec., 1946.

Tommy Lynn Wallen married Donna Marie Yarbo and they have four children: Carl Wayne, b. 10 April, 1965; Timothy Ben, b. 6 January, 1967; Thomas Earl, b. 10 October, 1969; Adam Lynn, b. 6 October, 1970.

Peggy Louise Wallen married Michael Lylaus Conner. A son, Jason Lylaus, was born on 19 September, 1970.

Edward Earl Wallen married Sandra Kay Jones, and had a daughter, Valarie Christine, born March 12, 1972.

William Henry Phelan, son of James Larkin Phelan and Margaret Phelan was born in Arkansas on 19 October, 1873 and spent most

of his life near the small town of West Fork, Arkansas. Died 25 September, 1926 and is buried in Baptist Ford Cemetery. His wife, Rebecca Jane Wallen, was born in Arkansas, 21 September, 1885. They were married 26 April, 1901. She passed away on 8 December, 1967, and is buried at Baptist Ford. They were the parents of six children:

Ora Phelan, born 3 April, 1903; died 3 April, 1906--three years, three hours, and fifteen minutes old.

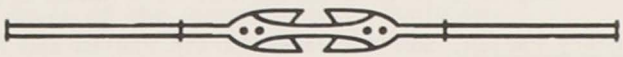
William Robert Phelan, b. 16 September, 1908. His wife, Stacey Ellen Gabbard, was b. 29 October, 1914. They were married 7 May, 1943 and have one son, David Allen Phelan, who married Virginia Ann Robbins July 2, 1976.

Esther Murel Phelan, b. 15 March, 1912. Her husband, Howard Wood, was b. 17 May, 1905. They were married 1 December, 1930. They have one son, Donald Ray Wood, b. 23 August, 1938. He married Doris Meldean Goodwin on 20 February, 1960. She was b. in Marion, Ohio, on 21 June, 1942. They have three children: John Howard Wood, b. 17 May, 1961; Gerald Paul Wood, b. 15 December, 1962; Melenda Sue Wood, b. 10 August, 1967.

Bert Edmond Phelan, b. 14 May, 1914, and died on December 14, 1975. Buried at Visalia, CA. He married Wilma Jean Scranton, 15 March, 1945. She was b. 18 February, 1925. They have one son, Stephen Michael Phelan, born 5 April, 1948. He married Lauri Lee Zimmerman, 11 July, 1970, and they have a daughter, Lesa Machelle Phelan, b. 21 December, 1970.

Henry Frank Phelan, b. 25 January, 1917. On 28 December, 1962, he and Hazel Marie Stufflebeam Tibbs were married. She was b. in Southard, OK, December 20, 1923. They have no children, but by a former marriage she has three sons: Milburn Henry Tibbs, b. 17 May 1945; Noah Larry Tibbs, b. 25 July, 1946; Danny Lee Tibbs, b. 11 July 1947.

Leroy Phelan, born 17 November, 1919. He and Emma Maude Shelby were married 16 March, 1940. She was b. 10 December, 1921 in Plains, New Mexico. They have two children: Burl Lee Phelan, b. 28 June, 1942; and Lanita Faye Phelan, born 15 September, 1955. Burl Lee and Omae Andrea McNew were married 13 July, 1962. She was born 28 June, 1944. They have a daughter, Brenda Ann, b. 8 January, 1966.



WASHINGTON COUNTY WAR DEAD
WORLD WAR I, 1917-1918

BY COLONEL JACK F. DIGGS

During World War I, the State of Arkansas supplied a total of 71,862 men for United States military service. Of this total, 66,437 served in the Army. Among the Army personnel were 110 officers and 6,315 enlisted men from the three regiments of the Arkansas National Guard--the First Arkansas Infantry, which became the 153rd Infantry Regiment; the Second Arkansas Infantry, which became the 142nd Field Artillery Regiment, and contained Companies "A" and "B" from Springdale and Fayetteville, respectively; and the Third Arkansas Infantry, which became a part of the 154th Infantry Regiment, and the 141st Machine Gun Battalion. These units became part of the 39th Division shortly after induction at Fort Roots (North Little Rock, Arkansas) on 9 September 1917, along with personnel from Louisiana and Mississippi who were inducted elsewhere. The units trained at Camp Beauregard (Alexandria, Louisiana), reaching France shortly before the end of hostilities.

Some Arkansans, who were drafted later, were assigned to the 87th Division at Camp Pike (near North Little Rock), a division made up initially of men from Arkansas, Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi. This division reached France near the end of the war, as did the 39th Division.

In addition to the Army personnel, a total of 5,359 Arkansas men served in the navy, and 66 were in the Coast Guard.

Some Arkansans died in training camps, some aboard ships at sea, and some in France with the American Expeditionary Force. Arkansans overseas with the AEF suffered 2,629 casualties, 24 captured, and 7 missing (presumably dead). There were 292 men killed in action, 112 who later died of wounds, and a total of 1,751 wounded in line of duty. It is interesting to note that 417 men died of disease overseas, some perhaps from the great "swine flu" epidemic which had been raging since March of 1918 and which was particularly deadly in October. Fortunately the incidence of mortalities from disease among the Armed Forces since the days of World War I.

The names of the 54 Washington County men, of all services, who died in World War I, are inscribed on an impressive mural in the county courthouse in Fayetteville where later generations pause to remember their sacrifices, and to pay grateful tribute.

Lester B. Aldridge
James A. Allen
Hagen Beaty
Clarence E. Beely
Wm. W. Blacklidge
Raymond C. Blakemore
Charles C. Bolen
Clifford Brogdon
Ernest W. Broyles
Elmer B. Bruce
William C. Cann
Benjamin Choate
Levi Douthitt
Boyd Edwards
David E. Farmer
Earl D. Farmer
James B. Farrar
Alva J. Finch

Samuel L. Gayer
Frank E. Graham
Tolbert P. Graham
Selby Grandstaff
Samuel D. Green
George C. Hastings
Fred Johnson
Wayne Johnson
Arthur E. Jones
John Q. Jones
Samuel Lowery King
Edward J. Mason
Oliver McPherson
Lenley McQuistian
Loren E. Miller
Thomas J. Murrie
Lawrence M. Orr
Joe Phelan

Marion Phillips
Basil O. Reeves
Frank H. Ritter
Thomas C. Rogers
James O. Scroggins
Martin Lynn Shelton
Joseph F. Sheppard
William E. Stone
Oliver M. Stuart
Arthur J. Taylor
Charles B. Tidball
Jack Tidball
Leonard Wentworth
Eul D. West
Donald G. Wilson
Osa Wolfe
Beeman C. Yeager
James Zulpo

GENEALOGICAL RESEARCH AND THE WCHS

BY KAY BRUMFIELD

With the widely increasing interest in our "roots" comes the age-old problem of standards and acceptability, along with the question of "How valid do you want your family history to be?" Some are well content with a collection of notes, half-forgotten memories of aunts, uncles and grandparents, name similarities, and assembly-line coats of arms from a commercial house.

But if you are serious and trying to compile a family record that is demonstrably true, then prepare one which will hold up under the close scrutiny of the professional genealogists with some of our patriotic organizations: Daughters of the American Revolution, Sons of American Colonists, Descendants of the Mayflower, and several others. Whether or not you are interested in joining them, you will find the standards under which they currently operate excellent guide posts. These standards have recently been raised and made much more demanding.

If you have a family Bible--or access to one--get its front page photocopied, as well as the information in it. It is important to note the date of publication, because if deaths and births occurred prior to publication date, their dates may be based on "hearsay" evidence, and memories can be wrong or confused. Also, if the information covers four generations and is all in one handwriting, it should be questioned. Of course it could be a perfectly accurate copy of another Bible, also. Be sure to note in whose possession and where the Bible is at the time you get the information.

My father's grandparents died before he was born, but he felt they should be in the Bible, so he entered "John and Mary Greer, born in England, died in Dover." However, death records from Boston showed them as John and Catherine Greer, dying on dates which differed widely from his entry.

Records are all we have to rely on. Simply to say you have a well-documented article does not make it so. Always be sure to note book, page, and location (county and state), of court records. If using a census, note family and household number, as well as the township and county. Remember, many census takers used phonetic spelling, so you will get all kinds of variations in your name. For example, William Prichard, one of my immigrant ancestors, killed by Indians in 1676, was "clerk of the writs" in Brookfield, Massachusetts, which would indicate he could read and write. He spelled his name William Prichat, his son, Samuel, signed his Pricket, and I have also found it as Pritchard, Pickett, Purchard and Punchard. Often different spellings are found on the same deed.

If you are lucky enough to find one of your line included in a good genealogy, it will be foot-noted with all kinds of good references. If the compiler has a good reputation, accept it with joy. If it is in a set such as Virkus' Compendium, or in some of the old biographical collections such as Goodspeed, do remember that often the subject paid to be included and he may have embellished his biography a bit. So they must be used as finding tools only.

Washington County Historical Society has published many articles on family history through the years. Some of them have been thoroughly researched, and the compiler had proof in his possession at the time. Unfortunately, however, they did not submit their proof, and these articles can thus be used only as finding tools. These can be very valuable to the researcher, but it is a shame that "the same ground must be ploughed again" as we say here in Arkansas, to establish the line firmly, when a few references and footnotes would have made them complete.

Old newspaper clippings, letters, diaries and journals are a tremendous help, unless you find, as I have, that the clipper failed to note the date and name of the paper. So, if it says "So-and-so died last Friday", I am completely at a loss.

We at WCHS do not pretend to be professional genealogists but many of us have done research on our own lines. As Secretary, I see a lot of inquiries, and I can only say we are fortunate, indeed, to have Bernice Karnes as the chairman of our genealogy committee and Lloyd McConnell as our Secretary-Emeritus. Both of them know lots of old families in Washington County. Also, Mrs. Lynch in Springdale and others in other areas, are always glad to help us find what we can for people.

We do have a book of cemetery records printed, some marriage books, and all our back issues of FLASHBACK, as well as several family histories which were printed as Bulletins. We are glad to do what we can, but since most of us are volunteers, sometimes we get behind on our mail.

HAPPY HUNTING.

* * * * *

Mrs. Gus Eidson of Lowell, Arkansas would be willing to sell a complete, bound set of FLASHBACK, missing only two issues from 1951-1952.

* * * * *

OOPS! We made a mistake in understanding that the Washington County Historical Society won first prize for the second year running in the Arkansas State Historical Association competition for historical publications. We're sorry to have to correct that to third place, this year.

Just a Memory ?

Put it on paper and send it to **FLASHBACK**

*

That's what it's all about

*

Memories of things past !

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